



one man against a world of giants



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Chapter 1 by Kevin Conrad

remember the story of davey and goliath he was just a sheep herder and he would say why would god want just a sheep herder well I ask myself the same question why would I want to be a winner after so long being a loser because nobody in this world could do what I have done and survive I grew up in the city of orange the member of a biker family I could do anything I wanted I used to hang out in santa ana I love my mexican family they took care of me when nobody cared about me I used to go to the christian church and that is where I belong I was so interested in other religions so I am going to tell a story that nobody will ever understand I was taught that if you tell on somebody you were a rat well my first experience was when I worked at uci medical center I had my own 1 bdr place but I started getting lonely so I started hanging around with this girl meg being in a wheelchair I had no self esteem I started drinking and missed to many days at work and they were going to send me to a sober living house I had a storage unit to put my stuff in I had reed staying at my house he used to be a sports commentator at the register in santa ana we kinda looked like each other reed went and took my storage unit code and robbed a storage unit a couple doors down from mine which set off an alarm when the manager came she saw reed with a pair of bolt cutters and called the police and they arrested me for commercial burglary I had never been arrested before they told me if I pleaded guilty I would only do 16 months and if didnt I would go to trial and if I lost I would do 4 years I was scared and took the deal when I got out I went to my therapist sarah pope at uci medical center she said why didnt you subpoena me and I didnt even think about it so there I got screwed for getting a good job as a normal person in in 1993 I lived at my uncles house in orange by the circle with my sister my best friends dad was the president of another biker club

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was at a party and these two guys pops and taxi wanted to buy a qtr pound of speed I told them I could and then I couldnt cause the person I was getting it from told me no well pops and taxi didnt like the idea and came over to my house I was coming down my alleyand they got out of my car and started running and they shot at me and I coul d hear the bullet pass by my ear I bought a motorcycke from the guy I was getting speeded from so we drove from arizona to california mike got to tired to drive so i hopped on the motorcycle and when I was ion the 91 fwy a car hit me doing 120 mph I will never forget that night I still have night mares the police said they did a 1/2 mile radius search well god revealed to me about 8 years after thatit was a purple monte carlo that hit me and it just so happened that the biker president that sent the hitman had a car just like that call it coincedence my friend that was the son of the president of the other biker club shaot himself in the head but that was only after the stepmpombroke down and told the dad my friend was studying to be a police officer ok when I was in rehab in rancho two detectives came to my hospital bed and told me I had to testify andf i said no they told me I could have to do jailtime if I didnt testify I did and they both got 8yrs that 8 years is up now I have a photographic memory and I saw one of them one day at disney land they dont scare me .when I was

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